

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED BY U BOAT

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

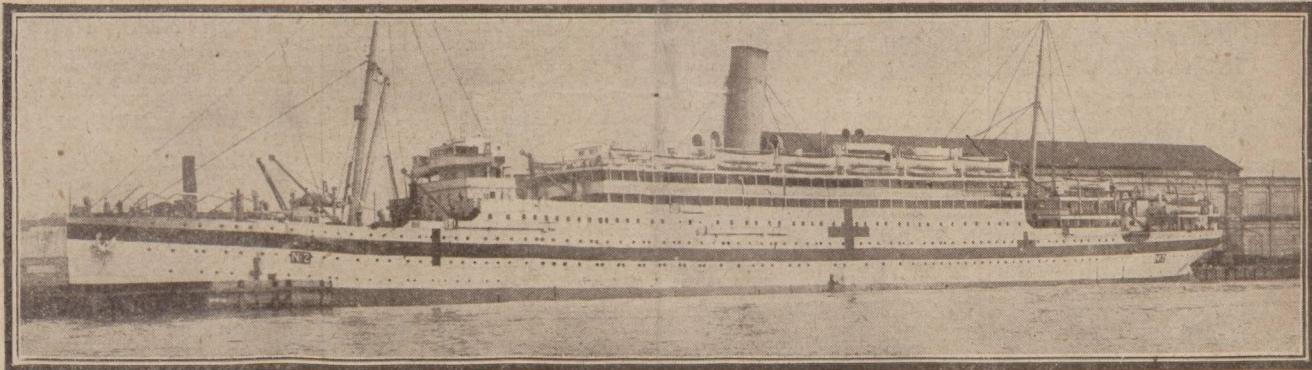
FRENCH WOMEN TELL BRITISH SOLDIERS ALL ABOUT THEIR SUFFERINGS UNDER HUN RULE.



Women and children welcome their deliverers. On arriving in a village our men learn what it means to live for more than two years under the Prussian heel, and the joy of the inhabitants at being once more free knows no bounds. Neither does their gratitude,

and the soldiers are overwhelmed with thanks, the only thing the Huns have left the unfortunate people to give away. It will be seen that this village, like many others, has been laid in ruins.—(Official photograph.)

BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED—DASTARDLY ACT ANNOUNCED BY THE ADMIRALTY LAST NIGHT.



The Germans, who regard The Hague Convention as a "scrap of paper," have given effect to their brutal threat that they would torpedo hospital ships and have sunk the Asturias without warning, despite the fact that all the proper Red Cross distinguishing

marks were brilliantly illuminated. This is not the first occasion that the Asturias has been attacked when engaged on her work of mercy, as earlier in the war a German submarine discharged a torpedo at her. It missed its mark, however.

'MEANS WAR WITH EVERY NEUTRAL.'

Sir E. Carson Ridicules Seizing of All Ships.

BLOCKADE SUCCEEDING.

Thus spoke Lord Robert Cecil, the Blockade Minister, in an important statement last night in the House of Commons in reply to Mr. Hewins, who asserted that the manner in which our blockade was administered conferred advantages on Germany.

Lord Robert Cecil's main points were:

The well-authenticated stories of food riots in Germany indicated profound discontent of the German population with their Government.

The war could only be won on the field of battle, but when we came to the final battle the effect of our blockade would count greatly.

It had been suggested that Denmark had been guilty of grave delinquencies with regard to ourselves. He made no such charge against the Danes.

The Danes had endeavoured honestly and honourably to fulfil any assurances they had given.

For practical purposes the distinction between absolute and conditional contraband had ceased to exist. Rationing of neutrals by agreement had produced far less friction than would have been the case without compulsion rationing.

Measures taken had produced a complete cessation of overseas importation into enemy countries.

Sir E. Carson said those who put forward the ridiculous doctrine of "seize every neutral ship and take that we should go to

cut the goods" meant war with everybody.

The First Sea Lord had told him that he knew of no other system than that now existing of blockading Germany through neutral countries.

'LOSSES WILL GET WORSE.'

Lord Latimer, in the House of Lords, moved for a Commission of Inquiry into Danish and Dutch trade in food and fodder stuffs as it affects this country.

The country wanted to know, he declared, why certain British imports were allowed into Denmark, considering that country had constantly broken her agreement to supply us with produce, while at the same time immense quantities of food and fertilizer had passed through Denmark and Holland into Germany.

Lord Beresford did not see how we could shorten the war when we supplied the enemy with means by which they could prolong it.

He did not think our captures of submarines were at all equivalent to the new boats the Germans were launching.

We should have a famine all over the world within the next three years.

The Germans, he believed, had more men and more food than we imagined.

TWO MONTHS' SINKINGS.

The losses in British, Allied and neutral vessels for February amounted to 281 vessels, of an aggregate of over 505,000 tons, and for March up to date the figures were 255 vessels of over 420,000 tons.

With longer days and calmer weather our ships will get worse and the public ought to have the facts brought home to them.

Lord Hylton said that very large reductions had taken place in the exports to Denmark and Holland. Both were Sovereign States who, as neutrals, had their rights as well as the beligerents, and it was for the rights of a neutral that this country went to war.

Lord Emmott characterised as absolutely ridiculous, unfair and mischievous the statement that we were fighting for neutrals.

The Member of Lansdowne said that had we brushed away the whole of the procedure that had been followed we should have had some neutrals at war with us.

The Lord Chancellor said it was almost appalling to think of the danger the country ran through the action of the Government in 1910 in pressing the Declaration of London through the Commons.

It was only through the action of their Lordships' House that the country was saved from a very grave calamity.

Lord Latimer, by leave, withdrew his motion.

SIR WILLIAM PLENDER'S TASK.

Mr. Bonar Law, answering Colonel Gretton in the House of Commons yesterday, said that the Government had considered the recommendations in the bankers' report on the liquidation of the German banks.

They concurred in the recommendation that it would be very undesirable to relieve Sir William Plender of his position as liquidator.

MYSTERY TRUNK OPENED.

The mystery trunk, alleged to belong to Count Bernstorff, and of which the British authorities took possession in consequence of certain circumstances, was opened at the Foreign Office yesterday in presence of the Swedish Minister. No information is available of the contents.

HALAKITE DRAMA.

Explosive To Be Made at Inquiry
—**Messenger Sent to Paris.**

RAID CHARGES WITHDRAWN.

There was an unexpected development yesterday at the Army Council inquiry into the refusal of the Government to use the explosive halakite, which culminated in a raid on the room of Sir Theodore Cook, editor of the *Field*.

It was announced that counsel for the parties concerned withdrew all complaints against the authorities in connection with the raid. It was therefore decided to continue the inquiry upon the terms of reference as to why the British authorities refused to use halakite or to permit its manufacture.

Later Mr. Ellis Griffith said that he would produce halakite, which would conform with the claim which Lord Moulton called an audacious claim.

It was decided that a messenger be sent to Paris for the apparatus in order that the powder might be produced and tested.

The Attorney-General said that he would see that the messenger received a passport so that he could start at once.

Lord Moulton again described himself as the Director-General of Explosives, gave evidence. He dealt with the various tests to which halakite had been subjected, and said he came to the conclusion that the explosive was quite unsuitable for shell filling.

"The moment I saw the results of the first analysis," said the witness, "I realised I was faced with a deliberate imposture."

Referring to his interview with Sir T. Cook on September 5, Lord Moulton said that it was obvious to him that Sir Theodore was absolutely in the hands of other people, and did not know the true facts of the case. He was infatuated by the invention.

Witness said he insisted on having the formula, as the explosive varied so continuously, and he could do nothing until he had the formula. "I was satisfied," said Lord Moulton, "that they never could give me the formula, and that I could not get it put together."

The hearing was adjourned.

SECRET WIRELESS.

Discovery at Tsarskoe Selo—Communications with Berlin.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.—In Tsarskoe Selo a secret wireless station has been discovered.

It is stated that the station had communication with Berlin, and that it was established by Protopenoff without the knowledge of the Tsar. The wireless station was discovered when correspondence between the Empress and Protopenoff was seized.—*Exchange*.

WAITRESS'S FURS.

Girl Who Dined at Savoy and Rode in Taxi-Cabs.

A waitress at one of Messrs. Lyons' teashops was sued in the West London County Court yesterday for £12 for furs, etc. She did not appear.

"What on earth does a waitress at Lyons' wear with expensive furs?" asked Judge Selfe.

"When she ordered the last dress she said she was going to dinner at the Savoy," replied plaintiff.

"Oh," said the Judge, "she does not wait at the Savoy; she dines there. Has she got a boy?"

The defendant's landlady replied that she believed that she had.

She goes about in perfect luxury—in taxicabs and all that sort of thing," said plaintiff.

Judgment was given for the amount claimed.

TO SEE DOCTORS AGAIN.

Bill To Be Passed for Re-Examination of Potential Soldiers.

According to a statement made by Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons yesterday the Government have decided upon a medical re-examination of men of military age not yet in the Army.

The Government, said Mr. Bonar Law, had found it absolutely necessary to introduce a Bill giving the right of medical re-examination. It would be introduced to-day, and the House would be asked to proceed with it on Thursday.

Answering a question in the House on Wednesday last Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, made the important announcement that the present classifications of men recruited for the Army into A, B, or C classes with various sub-classes, are to be revised.

Mr. Macpherson, "that the proposal in favour with the War Office authorities is to have two distinct categories Class A, which will very likely consist of men who are fit for general service, and Class B, consisting of those who are not fit for general service."

There is to be another revision of the cost of meals supplied to needy London schoolchildren, the London County Council proposing to pay the Alexandra Trust 4d. per dinner and 2d. per breakfast.

READY TO TAKE AWAY

Food Kitchen Meals to Save Time and Labour.

BOON FOR THE POOR.

The desirability of adopting some system of public feeding or cooking to save food and money for the poor is directing keen interest to the proposal to establish public kitchens.

The idea is that people should be able to buy ready-cooked food at these communal kitchens at prices very little higher than they would pay for the same foods uncooked.

They would be a very welcome boon to the poor, not merely because their meals would be always immediately ready and cheaper, but also because the labour saved by the use of hundreds of thousands whose time is almost wholly taken up by national work.

There are hundreds of butchers and ham and beef shops in all parts of London, and even in the City itself, which serve cooked meats by weight and vegetables to choice.

At one of these shops in Victoria yesterday *The Daily Mirror* was able to buy "two pounds of boiled beef or pork and carrots and onions," or "a pennyworth of pease pudding" or "a pennyworth of faggots" (chopped meat and herbs) cooked and ready for immediate consumption.

The Daily Mirror was told that the number of customers for hot cooked meat at this shop frequently totals 600 per day.

No Compulsion.—Mr. Kennedy Jones, the Director-General of the new Food Economy Department of the Ministry of Food, speaks of compulsion as the matter of food as "an unthinkable disaster."

"Compulsion may have to come," he said yesterday, "but I believe it would be a greater failure here than it has proved in Germany."

"It would require the appointment of an army of officials."

"There are 10,000,000 families to be rationed. If the scheme extended to, say, six different articles of food, then, roughly speaking, one million tons of food would be required."

Mr. Kennedy Jones will inaugurate various committees all over the country to give advice and help in many ways.

Not Obliged to Sell.—Captain Bathurst said yesterday that it was impossible to impose an obligation on a grocer to sell sugar to any person demanding it.

EXPLOSION IN NORTH.

One Person Killed, Nine Injured—Affair Due to Accidental Causes.

PRESS BUREAU.

An explosion occurred at a munition factory in the North of England early yesterday morning.

No serious damage was done, but the Ministry of Munitions regrets to announce that one person was killed and nine were injured, three seriously.

The explosion was due to accidental causes.

TALE OF TWO WILLS.

Eccentric Woman Who Was Afraid of Being Kidnapped.

That she had a fear of being kidnapped and used to wash her face in petrol, was stated of the late Mrs. Frances Emmiline Shaw by a milliner with whom deceased used to deal in the resounding action yesterday in the Probate Court concerning Mrs. Shaw's estate.

Mrs. Shaw was the wife of Captain Townshend Shaw, who had qualified as a barrister, and managed her affairs. In August, 1910, she was in France, but was discharged as sane in the October following.

Subsequently she was much annoyed with her husband, so it was alleged, and on December 22, 1910, made a will leaving all her property to an aunt, Mrs. Sarah Ann Smith, the plaintiff in the action.

The husband (as defendant) said deceased was not of sound mind when this will was made and was under one dated April, 1896, made two days after the marriage.

Mr. Healy, for the defence, said that at one time the deceased was no doubt one of the most beautiful women in England. Captain Shaw gave up his career for her, and ultimately she became mentally incapable. Yet she could deceive people as to the true condition of her mind.

The hearing was adjourned.

STRIKERS HAMPER NAVY.

Sir Edward Carson Says Barrow Stoppage Means Fewer Shells.

The following telegram has been seen by Sir Edward Carson to the Admiralty representative at Barrow for publication in the district:

"Sir Edward Carson says Barrow stoppage means fewer shells. The strike at Barrow is having a serious effect upon the output of shell for the Navy. The Government have promised the men arbitration and decision within a week if they return to work at once."

"The men of the Fleet rely upon their comrades in the workshops to stand by them against the common enemy."

ROYAL AWARD FOR EXPLOSION HEROES.

Official Account of Cause of Munitions Disaster.

FULL TOLL OF LOSSES.

"The possibility of the disaster having been maliciously caused cannot be disregarded, but searching investigation by the police and others failed to discover any evidence which would warrant such a conclusion and no suspicion fell upon any employee or other person."

This is the statement made by the Committee appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into the cause of the explosion in East London in January, last, and whose report was issued last night.

Other conclusions arrived at by the Committee include:—

(1) The explosion was preceded by a fire, which broke out either in the melt pot or in a corrugated iron structure close to the top of the building, exploded immediately above the melt pot.

(2) The fire rapidly gained a fierce hold, and as the melt pot contained a large quantity of explosive material in a state of confinement, it is probable that the initial detonation took place there.

(3) The evidence available is not sufficient to determine with certainty how the fire was started, but all accidental causes presenting any degree of probability may be eliminated except the two following:—

(4) Spontaneous ignition, due to decomposition of the material in or about the melt pot.

The Committee made various recommendations with regard to precautions to be adopted in the manufacture and storing of explosives, and these recommendations are being acted upon.

TOTAL DEATH ROLL.

In view of the exaggerated rumours as to the number of deaths, the Committee took particular care to obtain a correct record of all casualties. They were as follow:—

Sixty-nine persons were killed on the spot. Ninety-eight were seriously injured, of whom four have since died in hospital.

Three hundred and twenty-eight were slightly injured.

Of the ten men belonging to the shift at work in the building nine were killed and one escaped, but of the ten women at work only one lost her life.

In the course of the Committee's inquiry their attention was called to the gallant conduct of Mr. Angel, the chemist in charge of the works, Mr. George Wenborne, the leading male hand on the shift, and Police-constable Edward George Brown Greenoff.

These three men bravely remained at their posts when they could have escaped, and lost their lives in their endeavour to save the lives of others.

The Home Secretary announced that the King has conferred the Edward Medal of the First Class upon Mr. Angel and Mr. Wenborne, and the King's Police Medal upon Police-constable Greenoff.

LORD DOUNE AS POET.

Amusing Couplet in "Safety First" Committee's Competition.

Some 2,500 entries were received by the "Safety First" Publicity Committee of the Underground Railways in its competition for the best couplet illustrating the need for "safety first."

The first prize of £5 has been divided between Roland Sydney Portham, 33, Circus Road, St. John's Wood, N.W., and Leah Martin, 65, Willesden-road, Hendon. Mr. Portham's couplet reads:—

Safety first—it's far more clever.

To get to business late than never.

While is Miss Martin runs:—

Life is short, don't make it shorter.

By crossing when you didn't ought.

One entertaining verse was sent in by Lord Doune, of Kinfauns Castle, Perth, who "sang": O, mummy dear, what is that stuff, that's so like strawberry jam?

It is, my dear, your careless pa, run over by a tram. A number of suggestions for minimising the risks of street accidents were sent in by various correspondents. One gentleman asked the Council to build footbridges 200 yards apart "on all the main roads!"

TO SERVE ON ARMY COUNCIL.

New members of the Army Council, as announced in last night's *London Gazette*, include Major-General William Thomas Furse, Mr. James Ian Macpherson and Sir William Guy Granet.

HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED—NEW BRITISH GAINS

Our Cavalry Drive Germans from Three Villages and Take a Number of Prisoners.

NIGHT STORMING OF COUCY BY FRENCH.

Two British Destroyers Sunk—French Take Trenches at Monastir—Armed U.S. Liner Runs Blockade.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Tuesday.

8.5 P.M.—This morning our cavalry drove the enemy from the villages of Longavesnes, Lieramont and Equancourt, which are now occupied by our troops.

A number of prisoners were captured by us in the course of this operation.

During the night the enemy delivered a third attack upon our post north of Beaumont le Cambrai, which was temporarily successful.

Early this morning the post was recaptured by our troops and our position re-established.

An enemy raiding party was driven off by our fire last night east of Ploegsteert.

FRENCH CARRY COUCY BY BRILLIANT NIGHT RUSH.

Enemy Driven Beyond Barisis-Servais Line—Forest Battle.

FARM FORTRESS CAPTURED.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Afternoon Communiqué.—South of the Oise we continued our advance in the lower Forest of Coucy, of which we occupy the entire northern portion.

The enemy has been driven beyond the Barisis-Servais line.

South of the forest our troops during a night attack brilliantly carried the village of Coucy-le-Chateau, which was energetically defended by the Germans.

In the region north of Soissons we captured a farm north-west of Margival and a fortified post strongly held by the enemy.

In the Argonne we succeeded in carrying out a raid in the sector of the Four de Paris. We brought back some prisoners.

In Lorraine an enemy attempt against one of our small posts in the region of Letricourt failed completely.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Theatre.—On account of the rainy weather the fighting activity was slight on the whole of the front.

On the road leading from Bapaume towards the north-east engagements developed on the Noreuil-Lagnicourt outpost line as well as at Eaucourt, to the north-east of Peronne.

Rosieres on the Cologne Brook, has been occupied by the Germans.

After repeated fruitless advances in the woodlands between the Oise and Coucy le Chateau strong French forces came upon our reserve troops, which inflicted losses on the enemy, and then gave way before a threatening encircling movement.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

FRENCH CAPTURE ENEMY TRENCHES NEAR MONASTIR.

Germans Admit Loss After Hand-to-Hand Fighting.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Eastern Theatre.—After an effective artillery preparation a French battalion took over 400 yards of enemy trench and made the crest of Cervena Stener, making 100 prisoners.

In the Cerna Bend the Italian troops, supported by our artillery, foiled an attempted attack by the Bulgarians.

There has been great aerial activity on the whole front. A German aeroplane was brought down near Lake Prespa.—Reuter.

MONASTIR SUCCESS.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—To the north-west of Monastir the French again attacked.

Several strong advances failed. In hand-to-hand fighting to the west of Trnava the enemy has obtained a footing in a narrow trench section.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.



British troops have captured the villages of Longavesnes, Lieramont and Equancourt, which lie between the line Rotsel-Bapaume.

NO WARNING GIVEN TO THE ASTURIAS.

Casualty Roll—31 Dead, 12 Missing and 39 Injured.

NO WOUNDED ABOARD.

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

The British hospital ship Asturias, whilst steaming with all navigating lights and all the proper distinguishing Red Cross signs brightly illuminated, was torpedoed without warning on the night of March 20-21. The following casualties occurred:

MILITARY.

Dead	11
Missing (including a woman staff nurse)	3
Injured	17

31

CREW.

Dead	20
Missing (including a stewardess)	9
Injured	22

51

The torpedoing of this hospital ship is included in the list of achievements claimed by U-boats as reported in the German Wireless Press message on Monday.

The Asturias at the time of the outrage, the Central News understands, was carrying no wounded. She had disembarked a considerable number of wounded troops at a certain British port and was returning to her base with some 300 persons on board.

STERN BRITISH WARNING.

It will be remembered that from February 1 of this year they would make war on hospital ships, and when this announcement was made the British Government requested the American Government to inform Germany that if the threat is carried out reprisals will immediately be taken by the British authorities concerned.

Two years ago the Asturias escaped a torpedo fired at her by a submarine.

On February 2, 1915, the French Ministry of Marine announced that at 5 p.m. on the previous day, "when fifteen miles north-north-east of the Havre Lightship, a German submarine discharged a torpedo—which, however, did not hit its mark—at the British hospital ship Asturias." This action violates the explicit provisions of The Hague Convention of October 18, 1907, "relative to the absolute respect due to hospital vessels."

LOSS OF TWO BRITISH DESTROYERS.

One Mined (21 Lives Saved) and Other Sunk in Collision (1 Death).

BRITISH ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

Tuesday.—One of H.M. destroyers has recently struck a mine in the Channel and sunk.

Four officers and seventeen men were saved.

Another of these vessels was sunk to-day after being hit by a mine laid by a steamer.

One man lost his life in the collision. There were no other casualties. All the next of kin have been informed.

U.S. LINER DARES ZONE.

The liner St. Louis, which arrived at Liverpool yesterday from New York, is the first liner armed fore and aft to cross the Atlantic.

Only about forty-three passengers were on the vessel, including four men from Lord Furness (of Withy, Furness and Co.), Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P., and five New York journalists.

The passengers said voyage had been uneventful except for extra interest created by the fact that they sailed as a challenge to German submarines.

The vessel was in command of Captain H. H. Hodges, who steered his ship through the danger zone in fine style.

Together with the American naval authorities in charge of the guns, he was on the bridge for over seventy-two hours continuously.

No submarine was seen on the voyage. Barrels with periscopes were put out and accounted for at a range of two miles. The passengers said it was good sport.

On Tuesday last the gunners made good practice at targets.

Most of the people slept in their clothes during the last forty-eight hours of the voyage.

Miss Knott, a Devonshire lady, who is visiting a sick relative, said she travelled on the St. Louis because she was the first American armed liner.

SLIGHT AUSTRIAN GAIN.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

There was considerable artillery activity on the Julian front on Monday.

At dusk the bombardment was extremely severe in the sector between the Frigido (Vipacco) and Dosso Faitte.

After destroying our defences the enemy launched two attacks in force, one against us positions on Hill 128 where he succeeded in occupying some of our advanced trenches. The other towards Dosso Faitte, which was immediately repulsed.

Austrian Claims.—In their official the Austrians claim to have entered enemy positions in the Gorizia district and captured 315 prisoners.

THE HAGUE, Monday.—According to reports from the frontier, 4,000 German soldiers arrived in Holland in search of food. They were interned at Zwolle.—Exchange.



The Strength Giver

HALL'S WINE will make you feel better and stronger. Its wonderful effects will be felt with the first dose, and the energy, strength and vigour that it gives lasts.

To the run-down, worried, or overworked man or woman Hall's Wine is not only a marvellous means of gaining health, vitality, and strength—it is a wonderful safeguard against breakdown and those ailments which always attack the weak or the "worn out."

Our statements are proved by the thousands of letters on our file from doctors, nurses, and patients.

"It is impossible," writes a doctor, "to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

A patient writes: "Hall's Wine is strengthening me in every way; it makes me feel like a new man."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE—Buy a bottle to-day. If after taking half of it, you still feel no real benefit, return the bottle to us, and we will refund your outlay.

Of all Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers, & Chemists.

Price 3/- Large Bottle.

STEPHENSON & CO., LTD., BOW.

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LADY DERBY OPENS A Y.M.C.A. CLUB.



The new Y.M.C.A. sailors and soldiers' club in High Holborn, which has sleeping accommodation for 450 men, was opened by the Countess of Derby (a). Sir John N. Barran, Bart., M.P., (u) presided.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

MISSING.



Cpl. Harry Carpenter (Rifles Brigade). Write to Mrs. M. Carpenter, High-street, Peckham, London, S.E.



Lee-Cpl. R. G. Usher (Essex Regt.). Write to Mrs. Usher, Bocking Church-street, Braintree, Essex



Pte. W. J. Bell (Royal Dragoon Guards). Write to Mr. Walter Hend, Kingswear, Dartmouth, Devon.

DRILLING THE ROCK.



Nearly 300 girls are engaged in the manufacture of mining machinery in Cornwall. She is testing a rock drill.

DECORATED.



Pte. William Dunn (North Staffordshire Regiment), awarded the Military Medal.



Miss Kathleen Vine, of Parkstone, Dorset, awarded the Royal Red Cross.



Lieut.-Comdr. Wybrants Oliphert, D.S.C., now awarded the D.S.O. Again the Navy is silent, no particular being given about the D.S.O.

The Guinea
Andamax 21
Pocket Slip-on
Guaranteed Waterproof

FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

Wonderful Value

in Light

and Dark

Fawn,

Olive,

Navy Blue,

and Blacks.

Not

transparent

Will not

become

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Write for Patterns and Catalogue.



This Trade Mark
is the Hall-mark
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State Height and Chest Measurement.

CASH REFUNDED IN FULL.

If the "Andamax" is not approved and is returned
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Pocket or Lady's Handbag
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Each garment packed in a strong box. The
Andamax can be obtained from any high-class
Outfitter, Hosiery, &c., or from—

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LONDON.



Rolls up into a space
8*1*/₂ by 8 inches.
Weighs only 20 ounces.

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The National.

Baby Carriages direct
from Maker.

60/-

Carriage Paid. Crate free.
Extra long seat line.
4 Cee. Springs.
Wired-on Rubber Tyres.
All Kinds on Easy Terms

New Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.

51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E. 15.
WEST END BRANCH—223 & 325, EDGWARE ROAD, W.
BRANCHES—
Woolwich—62, Powis Street.
Southgate—20, Southgate Road.
Forest Gate—37, Forest Gate.
Harrow—563, Green Lane.
Barnet—22, Barnet.
Brentford—361, Old Brentford.
Harrow—224, High Road.
Chiswick—224, High Road.
Catford—195, Catford.
Greenwich—28, Newington Butts.
Guildford—28, North Street.
Hackney—39, Hackney.
Lev—19, High Road (Leamington end).
Orpington—Bridgwater Road.
Wimbledon—5, Broadway Market.

EXTENSIVE WORKS—Faytemer Road, London, S.E.

HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of bay rum. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.

—(Advt.)

VEGETABLE GROWING AS A SCHOOL LESSON.



The girls receiving a lesson.



A wash after hard toil.

Allotments have been rented by the Risley-avenue School, Tottenham, on which both girl and boy pupils work three days a week. They are learning to cultivate vegetables and they now regard it as part of the ordinary curriculum.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown or black by the use of VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (Walnut stain).

A perfect, clean, harmless, and washable stain, safe for children. Price 3/- per oz. and 5s. Ed. per pint. By post 5d. extra, securely packed. Address—

C. I. Valentine, 46a, Holloway Road, London, E.C.1.

OBESITY CURED

If you are too stout and wish to quickly reduce your weight, commence the never-failing cure with a 16 years' old **Antipon**, and effect a reduction from 80s. to 31s. in a short time. This is the only safe and effective remedy for over-weight. Price 3/- and 5s. from Booksellers, Chemists, Druggists, and Stores throughout the world; or in plain wrapper direct from the Antipon Co. (Dept. 22, 27, Store St., London, W.C.)



Antipon

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY. MARCH 28, 1917.

WHAT NEXT?

NEVER since the beginning of the war has the situation on all fronts seemed so obscure even to "our military correspondent" as it does now, in this first month of spring, when so much was to be cleared up and resolved, one way or the other, for ever.

By this month, according to military prophets, writing and prophesying last summer and autumn, Germany was to be at her "last gasp."

Well, there are those who declare that that is precisely where Germany is. . . . It may be so; but it seems certain that public opinion here holds that Germany's last gasp will not be a feeble breath, but, on the whole, a strong blast of the Wagnerian dragon's mouth, belching forth gas fumes, comparable with those daily launched in the west. And everywhere you hear it asked by the ignorant, and even by "our military correspondent" himself—what is she up to now? What, oh what, will she do next? And, if we in our humble fashion may judge by the past utterances of "our military correspondent," we suppose that he will, in a day or two, tell us what she will do. And then she will do something else. And then of course "our military correspondent" will follow his invariable practice, and say that he always said that was what she would do.

Meanwhile, we have at least seen, this week, that a time of obscurity and "fog of war" must also and always be a time of rumour and rumourism. We take no interest in the details of these rumours; nor probably does the majority of the public, whose faith in rumour was destroyed, early in the war, by the advent of a phantom Russian army into Northern France and a consequent sudden demand for vodka at York Station. The details don't matter. But the general tone or drift of the rumours is always interesting.

What is the chief note in rumourism now?

It is that interrogative, expectant, wait-and-seeish note already defined. Everybody asks "What, oh what, will they"—meaning the Germans—"do next?"

And what this interrogative note chiefly proves is, we think, that the country has renounced the delusive habit, or hope, held only in the first weeks of the war, that we would be wise to fight offensively and to "put up" an unexpected plot at sea.

Nothing that *they* might do would surprise the public, evidently.

"Have you heard? The Kaiser is on the top of the Monument with a machine gun!"

Who knows? It may be true. . . .

But, now, listen to this: "The island of Blankland has been taken by us."

No. Can't be true. . . .

Is this attitude of the public, then, "pessimistic"?

Hardly. It is merely a registration of or comment upon a purely "defensive" policy on our part, spread over many months, earlier in the war. The public has not yet learnt to adapt itself to the possibility of an offensive policy, everywhere, on our side. It may learn in time.

W. M.

DEAD AND LIVING.

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still. They have forced our chains of being for good or ill, and though we shrink from these hands yet hold. Our perishable bodies are these hands yet hold.

In which these strong imperishable will—

Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—

Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,

As though the infinite life gives its star!

So may we hold our lives just when we are. The fate of those who then will draw this breath,

They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,

And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

MATILDA BLAKE (1847-1896).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To see a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower, to hold infinity in the palm of your hand, and eternity in an hour—

William Blake.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND—FOOD DIFFERENCES.

SAVING HINTS FROM ONE WHO KNOWS BOTH COUNTRIES.

By a FRENCHWOMAN.

MUCH has been said of the difficulty of inducing servants to alter their habits, even in these times when economy in food in households great and small is of such priceless national service. May I give my experience, with results indicating that servants are amenable to orders and to example?

I may have been very fortunate, but at any rate I do not believe difficulties with cooks and others are so great as some people say. I have been settled in England some years and know the domestic in London just as well as in Paris. The two types are extremely dis-

dishes are the measure of respectability—and the proof that it is possible for the domestics themselves to be comfortable in a house.

It, however, was easy later on, by gradually introducing methods in the matter of soups and vegetables, to get English girls to cook as well as any French person, and I could carry on my housekeeping as efficiently and thriflily in London as my mother had done here in Paris.

But no particular credit is due to me because something of value was learned in my house.

WHY NOT SOUP?

That servants as a class are amenable may be seen in the good work now being done outside the domestic circle. One has only to look around to see how they adapt themselves to strange conditions in work and in garb and how well they acquit themselves in the new occupations. Some of my maids be-

OUR DOCTOR'S ADVICE—THEN AND NOW.



IT MAY BE PATRIOTISM OR IT MAY BE A NEW MEDICAL THEORY—but WHERE THEY ONCE USED TO RECOMMEND "FEEDING UP," THEY NOW URGE EATING LESS.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

similar, but I have not found any special difficulties with either. There are, of course, essential differences between French and English life. The grade of society does not matter. But it is of the average small home I particularly desire to speak.

At first I thought it most desirable to have French servants, considering it impossible to have cooking done by any other. The style customary here appeared too extravagant and, worse still, the menus were not worth half the expenditure!

To give a measure of my appreciation of expenses, even in ordinary times, let me say I regard the constant buying of joints of meat with no more favour than the constant buying of jewellery.

This view is so un-English that I dared not at first expect to find it easy to get on with London servants, to whom big joints and huge

meals are the measure of respectability—and the proof that it is possible for the domestics themselves to be comfortable in a house.

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"BACK TO THE LAND."

CAN WE SUPPORT OUR OWN PEOPLE AFTER THE WAR?

"GUARANTEES."

I AM amongst those "few" readers of yours who have found time to look at the Agricultural Report.

What mainly occurs to me in reading it is that the Commissioners seek to restore agriculture and farming in England by "guaranteeing" a certain price for wheat and a certain wage for labour, and so on.

Now, I don't think anybody could look forward more eagerly than I do to a return to the land after the war. Our predominant city life is the curse of our civilisation. But if we are to guarantee to pay the farmer's losses (so to speak), where is the money to come from in our condition of "indebtedness"?

Our climate is a pretty disastrous one for arable farming. For grass farming and pasture age it presents fewer risks. Is not that one reason why the farmers have taken to grass and left the arable?

COUNTRY DWELLER.
Essex.

A CHANGED ATTITUDE.

OUR great increase of population in the nineteenth century was mainly due to a combination that foreign supplies would never fail. Who regarded it as a matter of any importance before this war that we were unable to live without those supplies?

Our whole attitude towards the population problem will be altered by the war.

M. E. York-street, S.W.

MORE BABIES?

"W. M." is justified in his denunciation of the birth-rate maniacs. Before demanding more children of the nation, let us for Heaven's sake look more efficiently after the welfare of those already born! Housing reform, food reform, health reform—these are first required. UTOPIA.

NUMBERS AND FOOD.

THE numerous statements as to a world shortage of food, and not entirely due to the war, have certainly come as a shock, and "W. M." has written none too strongly on the subject.

If the rate is slowing down as much as the food supply can be increased, it is obvious that the population must increase more slowly.

Were our statesmen frankly to admit this, however, we could far more than compensate for a slower growth of population by improving its quality.

EUGENIST.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—Turnips are a most valuable crop, and, being easy to grow, should be widely cultivated this year. The seed should be sown at once. The soil, which ought to have been made rich and deep, should be made as fine and light as possible. Sow about 1½in. deep in drills that run 15in. apart. When the young plants appear dust them with soot every few days to keep off the turnip fly, and thin them out in good time.

E. F. T.

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A CHANCE FOR WHICH THEY HAVE LONG WAITED—CAVALRY TAKES PART



Sherwood Foresters on the march through the old Boche country.—(Official photograph.)

TRENCH CONSULTATION.



A French army doctor examining a poilu's chest. He has been making a round of the trenches.

WEDDING OF A V.C.



Private J. Caffery, V.C., and his bride, Miss Florence Avey, of Cambridge. The bridegroom, who also holds a Russian decoration, was in the retreat from Mons. He won his V.C. at Ypres.

IN A CLOUD BANK OVER THE BULGAR LINES.



Aeroplane working its way through a cloud bank to the clearer air above. In the circle is Flight Sub-Lieutenant Frank Marlowe, R.N., the pilot of the machine, who has since been wounded.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE



Miss Ena Grossmith, daughter of Mr. George Grossmith, who is to be married to-day.

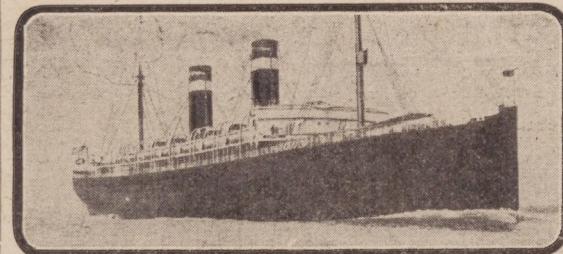


Cavalry riding across a bridge which was rapidly built to replace one destroyed by the enemy.

Open warfare has given our cavalry the chance for which they have been waiting for two years. It was reported yesterday that they had taken two vil-

lages, Equancourt and ideal country for cava-

FIRST ARMED LINER REACHES LIVERPOOL.



The St. Louis, the first liner armed fore and aft to cross the Atlantic. No submarine was seen on the voyage.

THREE MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



Mr. Frank Richardson, for thirty-nine years chief constable of Liverpool, received the King's Police Medal.



Gen. Lechitsky, who, it is announced, will replace Gen. Gericke on the Russian central front.

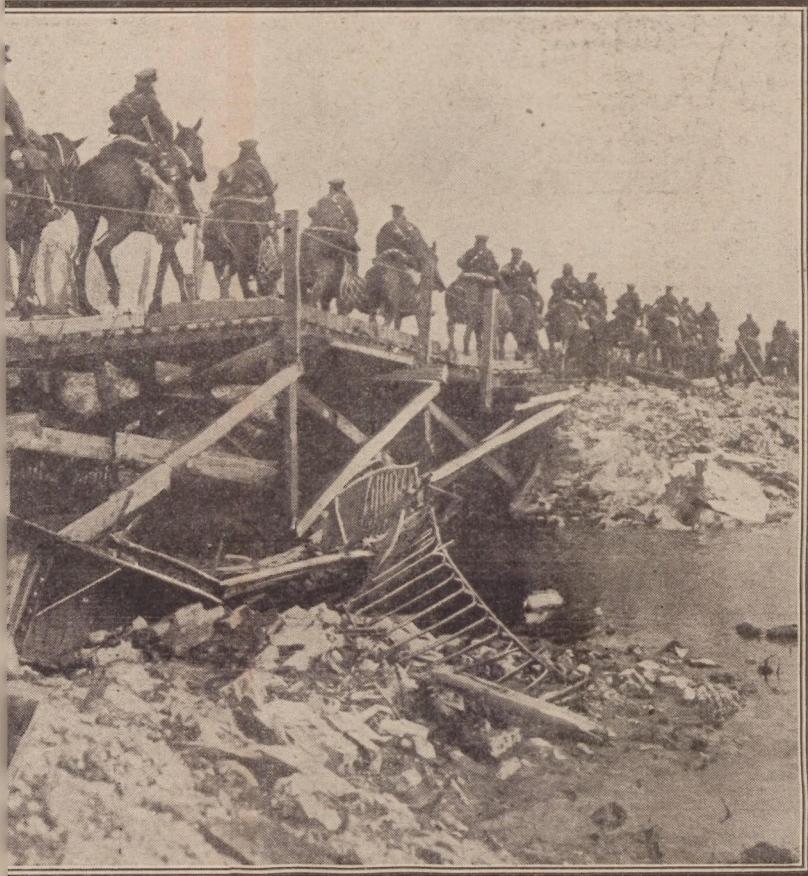


Sir Eric Geddes, who has been appointed Inspector-General of Transportation in all theatres of war.



An observation post.—(Official photograph.)

VALRY TAKES PART IN THE OPEN WARFARE AND CAPTURES TWO VILLAGES.



1 was rapidly built to replace one destroyed by the enemy. Note the hay bags. (Official photograph.)

for which they have been
iy that they had taken two vil-

lages, Equancourt and Longavennes. The approaches to the latter place form ideal country for cavalry, as there is much wooded cover.



The soldiers have the situation explained to them after crossing the Somme.—(Official photograph.)

PRINCE DEAD.



Prince Frederick Karl of Prussia, who has died from wounds. His aeroplane was brought down by British.

SAVED FRIEND'S LIFE.



Private J. W. Charles (seated), of Higham Ferrers, who gave twenty-three ounces of his blood and thus saved the life of his friend, Private Macy, of Stourton, seen lying in bed.

HUNS NOT TO RETURN.



Poilus fixing barbed wire before newly-captured position. They don't intend to permit the Hun to return.



An observation post.—(Official photograph.)

LONDON HOTEL GIVEN UP TO SOLDIERS.



Lady Haig at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, which she opened as a hostel for soldiers yesterday.

NURSES WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.



Sister K. O'Connell, great-granddaughter of Daniel O'Connell, awarded the Royal Red Cross.



Miss A. E. Smith, decorated. She is sister-in-charge of the Trent Bridge Hospital, Nottingham.



Miss M. Ward, to marry Capt. Leslie E. Peppiatt. She has just returned from nursing in France.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS AT NEWCASTLE.



Councillor George Lunn, the Lord Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne (also seen in circle), decorated three Canadians with the Military Medal at the opening of the Canadian Official War Photographs Exhibition in that city.

To prevent Dandruff

After washing with ordinary Shampoos, household soaps and washing soda, the hair must be thoroughly rinsed. Now, too much or too little wetting ruins the hair and causes dandruff. But Icilmia Shampoo Sachets need little rinsing—they provide all the wetting required, and prevent dandruff.

Used once a fortnight for adults and twice a week for children, Icilmia Shampoo Sachets keep the hair in healthy condition, and make it soft, silky and glossy. The only shampoo that prevents falling and helps the hair to grow. Sweetly fragrant.

Icilmia

Shampoo Sachets

2d. packet; 7 packets 1/- everywhere. Icilmia is pronounced Eye-Silma.
ICILMA COMPANY, LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangled coughing stops, and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S

Asthma Cure

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, send for the Free Trial at once.

Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Allright?" Telling about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, haberdashers and stores for 1/-.

Sign this Form To-day

Petter & Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"Daily Mirror."

CASH LOANS

Ladies or Gentlemen of all classes in a position to repay can have £50 to £5,000, repayable monthly or quarterly.

STRICT PRIVACY ASSURED.

12 payments of £4 3 4 renews £50 Bill or Note.
12 months ... £3 6 8 ... £109

No security required, only written promises to repay.

An owner may put his name on a bill of exchange or property or legacy left to will of a relative or friend or by settlement, no matter when payable, can have a loan at once arranged.

£100 to £1,000 interest per annum such amount £100.

£500 to £20,000 at 2½ 10s.

Ladies can remain unpaid any number of years. Business concerns can be sold or liquidated immediately.

S. & F. S. JAMES, Piccadilly House, 46, Dover Street,

Piccadilly, London, W.1.



WB.

Reduso
CORSETS

W.B. REDUSO Corsets actually reduce the hips and abdomen from "one to five" inches, and have the "OLD CORSET" comfort at first wearing.

They make large hips disappear—waist lines more graceful—bust lines smaller and neater, and feel easy on the largest figure.

A properly fitted W.B. Reduso model will make you seem slender, but not by compression.

Elastine gores ensure comfort to the wearer in any position.

PROCURABLE AT ALL DRAPERS.

Illustrated Booklet and name of nearest agent sent free on request. Write to "W.B. Corsets," Dept. M, 23, London Wall, London, E.C. 2.



"CAUTIONARY RHYMES"

No. 4

BLACKFRIARS : A RETROSPECT.

Where Baynard built his Castle,
And Montfichet his Tower,
The Black Friars formed their convent,
With Baynard's land as dower;
And there within their cloisters
The friars did fast and pray,
Till Henry seized upon their house
And turned the friars away.

To-day, where stood the convent,
Where friars did fast and pray,
A stream of traffic passes
Along a broad highway;
And all who seek a crossing
Where SAFETY FIRST is found,
Like friars, can walk through cloisters,
Now builded underground.

From side to side these subways
Pass underneath the street,
That all who cross this corner
Need not the traffic meet;
And just as in past ages
Friars from the world withdrew,
So folk who cross Blackfriars to-day
Should seek the cloister too.

THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS CO., LTD.,
ELECTRIC RAILWAY HOUSE, BROADWAY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

HæMORRHoids (PILES)

Our treatment for this distressing ailment has been in success for over 40 years, and has cured thousands of sufferers. Relief is immediate. A sample treatment will be sent in plain wrapped free, on receipt of three penny stamp. Dr. Van Vleck Co., Ltd., Wins Office Court, London, E.C. 4.

PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M.
AYRES.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY,

a charming girl, who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LYSTER,

who has lost his memory, and is now a shell of shock.

He has forgotten that he is engaged to Nan.

JOAN ENDICOTT,

whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together for the moment, as she dreams and hopes for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and decides to go and see Peter at once.

John Arnott, Peter's friend, takes Nan to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. He tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she stands by the window where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

A terrible suspicion—a suspicion of which she feels ashamed—flashes into Nan's mind. Peter seems so well and natural that she wonders whether he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks he might be ill, and Nan lets her gloves off. Peter comes and helps her to look better, but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

The next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter.

She reads them to her husband to show him that he is returning home on leave. She is overjoyed—and almost like a selfish child in her delight.

While walking near Oxford-Circus, Nan is hailed by John Arnott. A little behind him is Peter Lyster.

They have tea together. Peter pays Nan no attention, and to her all hope of regaining the man she loves seems dead.

Arriving home after leaving Peter and Arnott, Nan receives a telegram. Her stepmother has suddenly died. She leaves at once for her father's house. As the train is leaving the station a man jumps into Nan's compartment.

"I'm all right," he says to her. "But aren't you Miss Marraby? My name is Sefton—you and I and Peter Lyster had dinner together the last night we were in England."

Her travelling companion asks about Peter.

"Perhaps Peter will tell you that Mr. Lyster and I are no longer engaged," she says.

Harley Sefton then tells Nan of a man he knows who, returning from the front, pretends to his wife that he has lost his memory.

A feeling of dreadful weakness comes over Nan—but she has no time for thinking of doubting Peter.

Leaving Sefton outside her father's house, she goes straight to the station.

On her father's table is a letter addressed to "Harley Sefton, Esq."

Yet he had never told Nan that he knew her.

Nan Marraby.

and another officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she devotes herself to cheering her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France. They live together in a little flat each and every evening for the moment, as she dreams and hopes for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and decides to go and see Peter at once.

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THE SECOND BEGINNING.

NAN took the letter up and looked at it curiously; instinctively she had not liked Sefton; even all those months ago when she and Peter had dined with him in London before he was posted in his favorite town, she had not been possessed in his favor.

"Oh, he's all right," Peter had said carelessly.

But Nan was conscious of an odd sort of foreboding now as she looked down at Harley Sefton's name written in her father's handwriting. What possible connection could there be between these two?

She dropped the letter again to the blotter.

"I'm full of suspitions," she thought vexedly.

"What has he ever done to me?"

She had turned to her bedroom again when she heard her father's voice in the hall; she went out to him quickly—there was a moment of silence when they came face to face.

Mr. Marraby was a tall, thin man, with shoulders that drooped as if they had a heavy burden to carry, and his face was rather fretful. Nan was not in the least like him—nobody would ever think they were related.

"Well, father," she said. The last words sounded like an after-thought.

Nan said: "Well, father. She felt horribly tongue-tied; she was afraid to say she was sorry for her stepmother's death, because she felt that she would not be believed; she went up to him and laid her hands on his shoulders, kissing him gently.

"I came as soon as I could," she said.

"Yes, yes, Nan." She had the curious impression that he was hardly listening to what she was saying; she stood for a moment looking at him helplessly; she wondered if there was another girl in all the world who felt such a stranger in her own home as she did.

"Shall I go up to my room?" she asked after a moment. "And where are the boys?"

"The boys?" Mr. Marraby passed a hand across his eyes as if to try and collect his thoughts. "I really don't know," he said apologetically. "Perhaps one of the maids—"

He looked so helpless that Nan's heart melted.

"I'll find them," she said. She took her suit-

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

case and went upstairs to the room that had always been hers. It looked bare and unfriendly, she thought, like all the rest of the house.

"I can't live here," was the thought in her mind, though she was not quite conscious of it.

"I can't live here for the rest of my life!" And yet there was a deep rooted conviction in her heart that this was to be her fate—that from to-day her life was mapped out and ordained, that she had just come back to take up the threads where she had snapped them three years ago to start for London and find Miss Lyster.

She found the silence of the house oppressive after the noise and bustle of London.

"It's only a dream," Nan told herself for the hundredth time. "It's just a wildly impossible dream."

There was a sound of stifled whispers on the landing outside her door—whispers and a subdued giggle.

Nan turned—the half-closed door was moving gently—presently a tousled head was thrust round, followed by another and then another.

"Boys," said Nan, eagerly. She ran across the room and flung the door wide open.

Three boys of ages ranging from six to ten stood outside eying her with bashful interest.

"Boys," said Nan, smiling. She turned to her stepbrothers.

"I'm not engaged to anyone now, and . . . and I am quite willing to stay here for a time and look after the boys if you wish me to."

He looked relieved, though he made no attempt to touch her.

"It has worried me, wondering what would become of them," he said. "But if you will stay, of course that settles it."

He went back to his writing, and Nan felt that she was dismissed.

"Nobbody seems to think of me or what I want to do," she thought, rebelliously. "Why shouldn't I have some happiness of my own?" But the next moment she was laughing ruefully at herself. What happiness could there ever be for her without Peter?

"Leave you'd come," said the biggest of the three.

"Leave you'd come," echoed the second biggest, with a nod.

"Leave you'd come," the small boy repeated, monotonously.

They did not know whether to laugh or cry; in their quaint way they reminded her of the three bears in the fairy story. She went down on her knees in front of them, and put her arms round the two smaller ones—she was not quite sure if she ought to include the tall one, or if he would be offended.

"Yes, I've come," she said. "And I'm going to stay if you want me to."

The big boy nodded, the second one looked at the big one and nodded, too—and the little one looked at both his brothers and nodded also.

of a man who knew his way well, who had been to the house many times before. Nan waited till he had gone, then she went on into the room.

Mr. Marraby sat at his writing-table; his face was shaded by his hand, but he looked up as his daughter entered.

"What is it, Nan?" he asked testily. There was always a twinkle of irritation in his voice when he spoke to his daughter.

Nan went straight to her question: "Who was that man who went out just now, father?"

Mr. Marraby frowned. "He's a business acquaintance—a Mr. Sefton—he lives over at Little Gadsden." He looked up at her. "Are there any more questions you would wish to ask?" he queried testily. "No."

"I would like to ask any more; after a moment she turned again to the door, but her father called to her. "Nan—with regard to your staying here." He looked at her with an anxious line between his worried eyes.

"I don't know if you have made any plans for the future," he paused.

"No—none," said Nan readily.

"I thought—" he hesitated—"I thought," he said again, "there was a question you were getting into." Some minutes ago Nan wrote to me to tell me you were engaged," he believed, to me, the name was?" Nan's face quivered.

"Oh, but that's all finished with, father!" he said, with forced cheerfulness. "I'm not engaged to anyone now, and . . . and I am quite willing to stay here for a time and look after the boys if you wish me to."

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HAUNTING MEMORIES.

SO Nan came back home. "I don't see how I can ever leave them again," Thus she wrote to Joan Endicott the following day. "Father seems so utterly helpless and leaves everything to me, and the boys—now I seem to be getting to know them better—are really dears. We shall have to see what can be arranged in the future, I miss you very much, and keep wondering how you are getting on without me." Give my love to Tim when he comes, and I do hope you will have a very happy time while he is home."

On her father's table is a letter addressed to "Harley Sefton, Esq."

Leave you'd come," said the biggest of the three.

"Well, and supposing I do?" she asked. "It's all you deserve for being so naughty. Perhaps you want me to go," she added forlornly.

"Want you to stay," came in a breathless chorus of three.

"Darlings," said Nan: she wanted to hug them—the abrupt, almost sudden anxiety of their desire warmed her soft heart. She should have been going to give them a kiss, but she remembered that she had once heard Jim say it was silly to kiss and make a fuss, so she contented herself with saying with sudden change of tone: "Well, then, be good—or I won't stay a minute."

She heard them laughing happily as they ran upstairs, and she went out into the garden with tears in her eyes.

The boy who had her, if nobody else did—it was something in a world of desolation wherein she seemed to have lost everything.

She walked on down to the gate and out into the country lane.

There was a chill, fresh breeze blowing, and a feeling of rain in the air; but Nan felt more lighthearted than she had done ever since she had returned to Leavenden. The boys wanted her; it was something to be upon and hug to her empty heart.

"Good evening," said a cheery voice, and walking from her reverie with a start Nan found herself looking into John Arnott's kindly face.

She gave a little cry of delight. She let him take both her hands.

"I thought I was never going to see you," he said breathlessly. He was rather red in the face, but his eyes shone. "I've haunted this lane for the last two days, and never caught a glimpse of you. Where have you been hiding, and why didn't you let me know you'd come down here?"

"I couldn't—and I haven't been hiding. I came off in a hurry. When did you come?"

"I came the night before last—I persuaded Lyster to knock him up."

"He is here, then—with you?"

"Yes." He looked away from the gladness in her eyes and let her hands go. They walked along together for a few steps.

"My stepmother died suddenly, you know," Nan explained. "I had to come down here at once—the same day that I saw you in Regent street."

She looked up at him with a wry little smile. "I believe that I shall end my days here now," she added.

"And one might end them in a worse place than this," Arnott said. She looked down at her with this queer sort of expression in his kind eyes.

"I can imagine that it might be possible to have a perfectly happy life here."

(Continued on page 11.)



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Miss May Manning, who is appearing in "Vanity Fair" at the Palace Theatre.



Miss Vaughan Williams, niece of Viscount Maitland, who is nursing in a hospital at Windsor.

DYING RUMOUR.

Yesterday's Futility Efforts of the Discredited Scaremongers.

THE RUMOUR-MONGERS were at it again yesterday. But nobody paid any attention to them. The scare stories of the week-end are not, I think, likely to be revived again for some time. Rumour has overshot its mark. I am afraid that if any item of startling intelligence leaks out in the immediate future, the "man in the street" will refuse to believe it.

Hope for Irish Settlement.

I FIND that the postponement of the debate on the Irish Estimates, arranged for to-morrow, is regarded as a hopeful sign for the success of the negotiations that are now going on. I am told that the whole Irish trouble is being approached in a more promising spirit than ever before. Very influential forces are at work, and an Irish M.P. said that while no one was sanguine there was ground for hope.

The Blockade.

THE SITTING of the House of Commons last night was anticipated with more than usual interest, for the subject which had been arranged to debate at length on the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill was the British blockade of Germany. There had for a long time been suspicions that it was not as tight as it might have been. Whether last night's debate will "clear the air" finally remains to be seen.

Mr. Asquith's Conversion.

ALL SUPPORTERS of woman's suffrage are anxious to hear what Mr. Asquith will say to-day in support of his motion urging the Government to legislate on the lines suggested by the Speaker's Conference, which advocated giving the vote to some women, if not all. I hear that he is expected to announce his absolute conversion to the woman's cause, whereas formerly, owing to position, he has been only able to vaguely indicate his feelings.

An Imperial Scheme.

MR. ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P., informs me that he has drafted a scheme for the government of the Colonies and Dominions and Ireland which he has sent to the Imperial Conference. Its main feature is that each should become a Republic, in alliance with Great Britain.

Motherly Legislation.

THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES are displaying a motherly interest in the women who at the invitation of the War Office will render special services in France. A lady who is at the head of one of the large organisations for women tells me that some of the regulations are quite grandmotherly. The women are not to be allowed out of their quarters after 9.30 p.m.—and summer time coming, too!

A Judge's Oranges.

LORD MOULTON, who has done splendid work in superintending the output of high explosives, owns, I hear, some of the richest orange groves in California. His gifts of fruit to his friends every year after the orange harvest are greatly valued.

No Bread Waste.

Nobody can accuse the Army of wasting bread nowadays.

An officer I know told me that every scrap of bread has for some

time past been collected from the mess tables to make puddings, rissoles, etc., and the waste tubs are carefully examined daily to see that no bread is thrown away.



Lord Moulton.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

"Wonderful James!"

"WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING?" is a question that many playgoers have been asking themselves of late. To the delight of all present, that old-time favourite, Mr. Herbert Waring, appeared at the Garrick on Monday night in "Wonderful James!" Twenty-three years ago London audiences were listening to the same play. Only then it was called "Gudgeons," and the producer evidently thought that if you give an old play a new name it is as good as new—after twenty-three years.

Then-and Now.

HE MAY BE RIGHT. Certainly Monday night's audience seemed in a very friendly mood. But we have moved since 1894. Then Parker-Carson was all the rage. (I remember how we revelled in "Rosemary.") To-day, I must confess, it seemed to me a little démodé. The ever-recurring catchword, the happy and virtuous lovers, disdainful of money and finding in love itself the final reward of life—these things, I fear me, belong to a discarded tradition.

Fine Cast.

STILL, Mr. Herbert Waring worked wonders. I have never seen him better than he is in this finished study of a needy adventurer. Miss Marion Terry, too, with her half-humorous, half-pathetic appeal—what play could fail to please that had her for one of its characters? And Mr. Scott Sunderland as Reginald Ffolliott was the perfect lover whom once we used to love.

Miss Monkman's Dash.

I TOLD YOU the other day how Miss Phyllis Monkman saved the situation at the Empire on the first night by deputising for Miss Sadrenne Storri in "Hanky Panky" at ten minutes' notice. I did not tell you, however—for I did not know it at the time—that, in her hurry, she forgot to put on shoes, and that with only sandals on her stockless feet, she ran through the streets from the Comedy to the Empire, as all attempts to obtain a taxicab were fruitless.

"Who Is He?"

THAT SUCCESSFUL mystery play, "Who Is He?" made its first appearance in the suburbs on Monday, when it was produced at the Kensington Theatre. There was, I am told, a full and enthusiastic house, and the acting of both Mr. Norman V. Norman and Miss Avice Graham was greatly appreciated by the South London audience.

Wanted—Mascots.

MISS LILY ELSIE wants mascots. There is going to be a big bazaar at the Albert Hall on May 7, in aid of the after-care of blinded soldiers and sailors, and Miss Elsie will preside at a mascot stall. Any kind of mascot will do. Send it to Miss Elsie at 6, Bayswater-Hill, W. 2.

Damages.

I SEE that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has been awarded damages against a Danish newspaper, which he accused of having used his novel, "Mixed Relations," without his authority. The Court found for Mr. Jacobs and awarded him 200 kroner damages and eighty kroner costs.

A Clever Talker.

MR. JACOBS is one of those humorists—there are not many of them—who are as amusing in their conversation as in their books. The first time I met him was at one of the Omar Khayyām dinners at Frascati's. He was a pale, slender young man, with tow-coloured hair, in those days, but even then he had made a considerable stir in the literary world. And his talk was as exhilarating as champagne.

Sketched at School.

I MET a friend of Captain Bairnsfather's who told me that one of the captain's most treasured possessions was a copy of Virgil which he had used at school. The margins and flyleaves, he said, are covered with exceedingly funny caricatures of the masters and boys.

Destroyer of the Oil Wells.

I SAW in a luncheon party the other day Mrs. Will Gordon, the traveller and writer, and Colonel Sir John Norton Griffiths, who recently returned from Rumania after destroying the oil wells.

Workers for Rumania.

HE IS as great a traveller as Mrs. Gordon, and like her, is devoted to Rumania. She works daily at the Rumanian Red Cross depot in Hill-street, Knightsbridge, with Mme. Misu and Mme. Jonescu. The depot has, she tells me, urgent need both of workers and of material for the stricken people of Rumania.

Back from Brighton.

MRS. ELINOR GLYN is back in town from Brighton, where she has been recuperating. She is making a duty of economy and says that she could pass an examination in omnibus numbers and omnibus routes.

A Queen Takes the Veil.

I LEARN from a good source that Queen Olga of Greece, widow of King George, has taken the veil. It had been her wish for some time.

Lord Cheylesmore.

I AM glad to hear that Lord Cheylesmore is recovering from his operation. He has proved an excellent president of the various courts-martial which are held at the Westminster Guildhall, and knows how to temper justice with mercy. His return to public life will be generally welcomed.

German Ingenuity.

THE NEWSPAPERS told yesterday of German families who employed private smugglers to fetch food from Holland. A waggish friend says that's not unusual enterprise, for the Crown Prince has been doing his own burgling since the war began.

Slump in Sewing Machines.

I LEARN there is a slump in sewing machines. Women have little time for home work, and so everything has to be bought ready-made.



Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, who has been adopted as candidate for Oxford.



Mr. Robb Lawson, who has just written "The Story of the Scots Stage."

Pergolesi in London.

PERGOLESI'S "MATER DOLOROSA" is not often heard in London, but I see that a performance of it is to be given at St. John's, Wilton-road—just outside Victoria Station—next Friday. St. John's has always been famous for the high character of its musical services, and at the time when the late Rev. G. F. Holden was priest-in-charge it was one of the most famous preaching centres in London.

Lady Haig Presides.

LADY HAIG is altogether such a popular lady, and her public appearances so rare, that at the opening of the Buckingham Palace Hotel hostel for soldiers (which she undertook) I could only get a glimpse of her smile, her black gown and hat and furs over a vast crowd in the canteen.

At the King's Expenses.

ONE of the very kindly National Guard who do night duty for the men there took me over the hotel, which contains some 500 beds, and then across to the Riding School, which, at his Majesty's personal expense, has had a floor laid down, bath rooms, stoves, beds and easy chairs inserted to hold another hundred.

The King's Visit.

THE KING, my guide told me, comes in there every week when in town. He never announces his coming, but goes quietly up to the balcony where Queen Victoria used to sit watching her sons learning to ride. Then he comes down, and, passing among the men, has a word for each.

THE RAMBLER.

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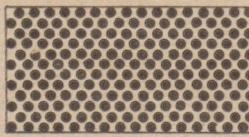
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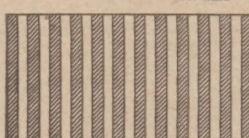
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READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

NOT TO BE RELEASED.



Miss Sadrenne Storri, who will remain in the cast of the "Bing Girls," having failed to get her release for the new Empire revue.—(Arbuthnot.)

OFFICERS IN THE WAR NEWS.



2nd-Lieutenant E. Brown, of the Royal Engineers, awarded the Italian Silver Medal for valour in France.
Lieut. H. W. D. Griffith, R.N., in command of the destroyer reported sunk on March 1.

P.C. MATHESON LANG ON DUTY.



Mr. Matheson Lang (taller figure) and his dresser. Both are "specials."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Daily Mirror

HOW THEY SAY "KAMERAD."



Lance-Corporal Monks, an Australian machine gunner, who chased and killed an enemy machine-gun crew of four in the region of Bapaume. He has brought home a trophy.

MISS BEECHAM MARRIED.



Miss C. Beecham, sister of Sir Thomas Beecham, was married yesterday at Hampstead Parish Church to Mr. Reginald J. Wrathall.

CHEAP FOOD FOR WORKERS—SUCCESS OF EAST-END COMMUNAL KITCHEN.



Miss Seddon serving soup, which costs 1½d. and 2d. a basin. Everything else is equally cheap.



Carrying home soup and a meat pudding.



Dockers taking their midday meal.

The communal kitchen run by the Wesleyan East End Mission at Paddy's Goose, the famous public-house in Shadwell High-street, has proved such a boon to the workers in this district that it is proposed to extend the experiment and a second kitchen is to be opened shortly in the Mile End-road by Mrs. Lloyd George.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)